

A Monomaniac's Experiments.

The St. Louis *Republican* prints the following incredible (but readable) story in the form of a letter from Paris.

I promised you some extracts from the *Journal of the Marquis*—the mystic of whose chambers were recently invaded and disclosed by the police, and gave you a brief description of the hidden dungeon, with its curiously contrived closets and manifold appurtenances. Among the contents of these secret closets were enumerated several manuscripts in the handwriting of the murderer, giving in detail a minute account of his various experiments in resuscitating the lives of persons whom he had decapitated in the most artistic manner—all in the interests of science. It then became plain that he was a monomaniac, searching for the fearful secret of the sources of life, and his deeds rival in *sanctity* any of the most reckless alchemists of the thirteenth century.

I translate *verbatim* from the originals now in the office of the Prefect of the Second Arrondissement, to whose known partiality to Americans I am indebted for this and many similar favors. After detailing various experiments on the inferior animals, the manuscript recites as follows:

No. 3. The subject of this trial was about thirty years of age, of nervous-sanguine temperament, and full muscular development. The fumes of charcoal were then employed to suspend the vital forces, and was administered slowly and unknown by the subject in order to de-range as little as possible the arrangement and relative position of the various organs and vessels of the body.

At the instant of unconsciousness the femoral artery was opened near the knee, and every drop of blood extracted. Having ligatured the artery in such a manner that I could open and close it at will, I then opened the large vein in the left arm, preparatory to introducing the artificial blood already prepared pursuant to the formula to be found in MS. tome II., p. 35. Through this was caused to pass a current of electricity on silver wires, joined at the ends in a ball of platinum, until the thermometer indicated the same temperature which the body then held; having previously adjusted the voltaic pile to the form of the subject, the fluid was injected by a most powerful syringe to the amount of about twenty pounds (English weight), and as soon as the heart was filled the whole fifty-gram battery was applied, and simultaneously the ligature on the artery was loosened. The influx of the blood fluid being kept up, a current was at once established, but without action or effort by the heart. A local application of the electric current was then made to that muscle, and to my delight, a faint but rather spasmodic action occurred. The artery, which had been discharging slowly, was then secured, and the air-bells were applied to the esophagus with regular movement. The lungs filled at once, and the same spasmodic action was developed. The currents of electricity and of air were now applied at regular intervals, corresponding as closely as possible to an ordinary pulse-beat and to the regular breathing. To my intense delight it now simulated every appearance of life, but remained plunged in a torpor which my utmost efforts and ingenuity could not dispel. Had I then succeeded in producing animal life, but devoid of conscious perception and the power thereof? What is the thing wanting to arouse this intelligence, and how can we cause the action of the physical organs with the nervous system? I retire for the night.

A night and day have passed in deep reflection. The body remains in the same position. The pulse beats regularly but faintly at about forty-five, and the breathing is decided, but faint and noiseless. I had during the day prepared a solution of iron and other material, according to formula, tome III., p. 12, and now charged the same heavily, and the minerals retained the subtle fluid magnificently. So powerful was it that standing on an insulated stool, and immersing my hand in the fluid, I could plainly feel it spreading itself through my body.

I proceeded to eject this solution into the stomach by the process of Dr. Des Dantes, and the result was astounding. A flush speedily overspread the face, the pupil of the eye slowly dilated and assumed a look of intelligence. The tongue was loosened, and obstructed the breathing, which became stertorous. The pulse became stronger, and the action of both heart and lungs was visibly natural. I removed him at once from all contact with the voltaic pile and the batteries, and made him assume a position parallel with the magnetic currents of the earth, and then retired to the upper room and closely watched his movements, myself occupied.

As the fumes of the injected solution increased in volume, a movement of the feet and hands began, which, to all appearances, was controlled by the will, and this action gradually extended itself to the whole body. The legs and arms were moved and stretched. The muscles obeyed volition. The arms moved under him, and with a seeming effort he sat erect and looked around him. He stretched out his hand toward the gas jet which was burning brightly, and then looked at his palm in evident surprise. He attempted to stand erect, but at the first step staggered and fell. He then crawled on his elbows and knees to various shining objects in the room, and invariably carried them to his mouth. I watched him in silence and at last addressed him by name, but to my satisfaction he returned inarticulate sounds, and his attention instantly wandered. The mystery was soon solved. I had succeeded in restoring animation to the body; but put in working order the heart, lungs, stomach, and nervous system, but all the efforts of my art could not restore his lost humanity. He was an idiot. The changeable something which had heretofore made him a responsible human being was gone forever, and my reason at once told me that farther than this art

could not go, deeper than this science could not look, and I stood rebuked on the very threshold of the temple, with not even a glance at its real mysteries. The causes of all that I had seen still remained hidden, and shallow as Bethesda's was the pool which I had troubled, and no healing was in its waters. A deep disgust for knowledge followed my late enthusiasm as one wave succeeds another, and my only feeling was one of anger and envy towards the first great cause whose doings I had thought to duplicate—whose secrets to unravel.

The ghoulish thing below me, gibbering in the glare of the gaslight seemed to mock me, and with anger and despair I closed the aperture, turned on the apocalyptic gas, and in a few moments he was beyond the reach of resuscitation through human means. What is the measure of my guilt as weighed by legal standard, and in how far would I have been a murderer had not the last scene been enacted?

So closes one chapter of this remarkable document, and if the evidence were not so positive one would doubt the statement contained therein. The house which covered these scenes has been razed by order of the Government, on petition of adjacent property owners, and every vestige has been removed. The name of the murderer has been erased from the heraldic records, and his memory as far as possible, consigned to oblivion.

Recollections of George Washington.

Colonel Forney writes:

More than twenty years ago I made the acquaintance of David Hoffman, of Baltimore, the eminent lawyer and legal writer, who died of apoplexy, shortly after, in the City of New York, seventy years old. I was introduced to him at the dinner-table of Charles Jared Ingersoll. Marked deeply in my memory of that afternoon were two anecdotes of General Washington, whom these interesting veterans had known in their youth. Mr. Hoffman, while playfully reminding his contemporary and friend of his ancient Federalism, related how, as a lad of twelve, he had met the Father of his Country in Baltimore. An immense crowd had assembled to greet the patriot, Hoffman, with two other boys, lingered after the concourse had dispersed, for an opportunity to see and converse with the honored guest. Washington had retired to his chamber, but answered the knock of the boys by opening his door and inviting them in. In those days the French republicans had a large class of imitators and followers in the United States, and Hoffman's two companions were what was known as the Jefferson or French cockade in their caps. After Washington had asked their names he turned to Hoffman and said: "I see that you have no cockade; will you allow me to make one for you?" And calling a servant, he directed him to purchase a piece of black ribbon, and, with this, said Mr. Hoffman, "he cut out for me a black cockade, which he pinned to my cap with his own hands; and that is why I have remained a Washington Federalist to this day, and why I shall die one."

There are not many living who could relate similar experiences. Mrs. Mary Ellet, whose memoir I had the honor of writing, and who lived to be ninety, dying in the City of Philadelphia about two years ago, was full of these reminiscences. There are doubtless old families whose records and recollections abound in stories of the Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary heroes and statesmen. As we approach the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence these materials ought to be collected and edited.

Byron.

At a time when Coleridge was in great embarrassment, Rogers, when calling on Byron, chanced to mention it. He immediately went to his writing-desk and brought back a check for a hundred pounds, and insisted on its being forwarded to Coleridge. "I did not like taking it," said Rogers, who told me the story, "for I knew that he was in want of it himself." His servants he treated with gentle consideration for their feelings which I have seldom witnessed in any other, and they were devoted to him. At Newstead there was an old man who had been butler to his mother; and I have seen Byron, as the old man waited behind his chair, at dinner, pour out a glass of wine and pass it to him when he thought we were too much engaged in conversation to observe what he was doing. The transaction was a thing of custom; and both parties seemed to flatter themselves that it was clandestinely effected. A hideous old woman, who had been brought in to nurse him when he was unwell at one of his lodgings, and whom few would care to retain about them longer than her services were required, was carried with him, in improved attire, to his chambers in the Albany, and was seen, after his marriage, gorgeously in black silk, at his house in Piccadilly. She had done him a service, and he could not forget it. Of his attachment to his friends, no one can read "Moore's Life" and entertain a doubt.

Mozart.

A great many curious anecdotes are told of this wonderful composer. Among others related by his biographer, it is said that his charity was once appealed to in the street by an old acquaintance, who had seen better days. Mozart put his hand in his pocket, but found nothing there; the discovery was embarrassing and painful under such circumstances, but immediately an idea occurred to that great genius; he requested the man to wait—stepped into a coffee-room, and there instantly composed a minuet, folded up the paper, and gave it to the applicant, recommending him to give it to a music-dealer in the city, who, when he saw the contents, would give him something. The man received five *louis d'or*. It is needless to observe that the minuet is considered a masterpiece, it being the production of an artist who composed nothing but masterpieces; but it is more striking, as it displays his musical learning and originality.

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